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Revenge for Nikolai











Chapter 1 by Reah

It's as dark as pitch. And the smell. Oh the smell!

It smells like mouldy fruit left to rot for a month. But it isn't. It's different. I don't know how it's different, it just is. The ground I'm lying on is hard concrete, by it's feel I know that it is polished and there is something warm and sticky on it. The liquid feels like half dried fruit juice but again, it's different. And again I can't quite put my finger on the difference.

The lights suddenly come on and I am momentarily blinded as my eyes adjust to the new level of light. As soon as they do I wish that they had not because what I see before me is nothing short of horrifying.

The sterile white light coming from the fluorescent LED lights on the high white ceiling illuminated a scene from a horror movie. Blood is splattered on the walls and ceiling and pools of it are all over the floor. But that isn't the worst. Not by far. Bodies are everywhere, heaped in piles along the walls as if they are useless trash.

A microphone blares and I look up to the speaker that I hadn't noticed while panicking about the

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I do as the voice says, not out of fear of him, but out of curiosity. I can't see anyone I recognise. But then, just as I'm about to quit, I notice a small body covered in blood and lying motionless near one of the further piles. It's not in the pile, just near it. I rush over and confirm my worst fear... my precious little brother, Nikolai, is lying dead in my arms and the man who most probably killed him is laughing at me over a speaker.

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